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FOR SANTA CLAUS.

I dreamed—'twas such a funny dream!—
That all the girls and boys,
Who have been getting skates and sleds,
And dolls and books and toys,
In stockings, and on Christmas trees,
On every Christmas Day,
Had held a meeting—every one,
From near and far away.

The talk had been of Santa Claus—
Of how his gay reindeers
Have trotted up and down the world
For years and years and years,
And how the dear old jolly soul,
Before the rising sun,
Has filled the stockings, great and small,
And not forgotten one.

And now they thought that turn about
Would be no more than fair,
And Santa Claus himself should have
For once a liberal share.
They'd have a glorious tree, and fill
A stocking to the brim,
With wonders brought from every land,
And all should be for him.

Ah, if you could have seen that tree,
So green and bright and high,
All hung with presents rich and rare!
It almost touched the sky.
And such a stocking! Long enough
To reach a mile or so,
And crammed with goodies from the top
Down to the very toe!

And then I heard the Christmas bells
Ring out so clear and loud,
That all the children in the world
Came marching in a crowd,
To wish to good old Santa Claus
A merry Christmas Day,
And see what he would think of it,
And hear what he would say.

But what he thought and what he said
I never now can tell,
For all the ringing I had heard
Was—just—the breakfast bell!
There was a stocking hanging up,
There was a Christmas tree,
But, somehow, I was rather glad
That they were both for me.
—*Sydney Dayre, in Congregationalist.*

MISS POLLY'S CHRISTMAS.

She Receives a "Surprise" From the Parson.

It was the week before Christmas, and Miss Polly Pritchard sat alone in her little room, diligently at work.

So far, it had been a hard winter, with the ground all iron-bound with cruel frost; the river clad in steely links of ice, the sky full of snow, and wind, and tempest. But Miss Polly was very comfortable in the little red farm-house, of which she occupied one wing, the other being rented out to Farmer Gribbage and his wife. There was always a cheerful fire of logs blazing on the open hearth, always a plant at the window, and a cat purring on the rug.

"To be sure, it's rather lonely," said the little old maid to herself," never to have a soul to speak to. But it is what one must expect when one outlives one's family and friends!"

So she sat here on this gray winter's afternoon, singing some half forgotten song, and plying her busy needle, when Mrs. Gribbage, the farmer's wife, came in.

"Dolls, I declare!" she exclaimed, looking at the boxes on the table. And as her quick eye fell on the work in Miss Polly's hand, she added: "And, as true as I live, you're a-dressin' 'em."

"Yes," said Miss Polly, coloring a soft, autumnal pink.

"For the toy shop?" said inquisitive Mrs. Gribbage.

"Well—no!" acknowledged Miss Polly. "They are for the little girls in the orphan asylum. They don't have any one to think of *their* Christmas, you know!"

"Well, I declare!" reiterated Mrs. Gribbage. "Why there's eighteen of 'em. You don't mean to say that you're dressin' *eighteen* dolls?"

"Yes," said Miss Polly, in deprecating tones.

"Humph! Well, I just came in to tell **you** that I'm going up to Miss Georgietta Fullerton's to tea."

"Are you?" said Miss Polly.

Mrs. Gribbage nodded complacently. "Didn't they ask *you*?" said she.

Miss Polly shook her head.

"Well, it's your own fault," said Mrs. Gribbage, not without asperity. "Look at that old faded, turned dress of yours. Miss Georgietta Fullerton is very particular about her dress. And now that she is engaged to be married to the minister—"

Miss Polly gave the least perceptible start at these words, and asked:

"Is she engaged to be married to him?"

"So folks say," complacently answered Mrs. Gribbage. "And I don't suppose he could have made a better match. Miss Fullerton is an excellent housekeeper, and has got a little money of her own. And it is high time there was some one at the parsonage to keep those four noisy children in order."

And Mrs. Gribbage sailed away in her rustling silk gown and red plumed hat, leaving Miss Polly alone with her dolls.

The parson sat alone, also, that gray, threatening December afternoon in his little study, with a heap of sermon paper in front of him. He had sat down to write his Christmas sermon; but, somehow, the ideas refused to come. There was a general aspect of forlornness about the room which the poor man realized, but could not explain.

"It's all very uncomfortable," said Mr. Mellen to himself, biting thoughtfully at the feather end of his quill-pen. "And, somehow, I always feel it more at Christmas time than at any other. Hear those children scream! One would think they might play without making *quite* so much noise. But they are not managed as they were when poor Isabel was alive. I suppose I am not a good disciplinarian, or perhaps I should have them in better training. Really, I don't know but that the good ladies in my congregation are right, and that I ought to—"

"Get married again!" Robbie Mellen's shrill, little voice uttered, just at this moment. "Oh, I like *that!* That's a pretty note! *Our* father get married again! Nonsense, Bell, some one has been crramming you!"

"But it's true," retorted little Bell, full of indignation, "and you needn't laugh. I heard old Miss Grampus say so to Miss Collyer, last week, when they all thought I was asleep on the bed, at Sewing Society—that papa was going to marry again."

"Who was it?" breathlessly demanded Janie, a tall girl of eleven. "The lady, I mean!"

"They didn't say," Bell answered.

"Miss Georgie Fullerton, I bet!" shouted Robbie. "O, I wouldn't like *her* for a mother?"

"Who *would* you like?" retorted Janie, scornfully.

"O, I don't know!" answered Robbie. "Not *her*, anyhow! She scowled at me one day when I stepped on the train of her dress. And I heard her say, 'Clumsy boy!' to her sister."

"And she was very right," didactically observed Janie. "You *are* a clumsy boy, Rob.'

"Perhaps," said John, "it's Mrs. Bricknor. *There's* a stunner for you! Aint she always dressed like the Queen of Sheba?"

"I can't bear Mrs. Bricknor," said Bell. She laughs too loud, and her false teeth don't fit, and I don't think she likes little boys and girls. She looked real cross at the Thanksgiving party when we had them funny games, and told Mrs. Fenwick that she didn't think children ought to be allowed to make so much noise."

"I'll tell you who *does* love children, though!" suddenly exclaimed Janie. "And *I* love her, too, and I wish papa would marry her. Miss Polly Pritchard!"

"What, that Miss Polly that has the blue Maltese cat, and the red cardinal bird?" said Robbie. "Well, it ain't a bad idea. She gave me some bread and jam, the night I got lost, blackberrying, on the hills, and told me such a nice story about Fortunatus and his Purse, when I was resting on her sofa."

"Yes, and what do you think?" eagerly struck in Janie. "She's dressing eighteen dolls, now, for the poor little orphan girls in the asylum, and she has bought eleven jack-knives for the boys; because she says all children ought to have a Christmas."

"She's a trump!" declared Robbie, pounding both hands down upon the table. "I declare, I've most a mind to marry her myself! But look here, Janie, ain't you going to help a fellow with these long-division sums, before papa calls us in to recite?"

And then the noise of all four talking together drowned the sense of what they said, and Mr. Mellen, smiling to himself, pushed back his pen and sermon paper.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," he said, mildly. "Who knows but that these little ones' voices have been sent to guide my footsteps aright? It was a sweet and gracious idea, that of preparing a Christmas for the little homeless ones who have no parents to take tender thought for them. I think I will go out and quiet my troubled meditations with a walk!"

And his walk led him to the little red farm-house in whose wing Miss Polly Pritchard sat diligently at work over the eighteen dolls.

The parson was a sensible, straightforward man, who comprehended none of the sinuous wiles of society. He knocked at the door and walked in.

All looked cozy and comfortable there, from the big geranium in the window and the Maltese cat on the rug to the shaded lamp and the work-basket beside the prim little spinster. And Miss Polly herself, with her thick brown hair coiled in a knot at the back of her head, and a faint, carnation-like bloom on her cheek, was not the least attractive element of the scene.

"So these are the dolls for the little waifs and strays of humanity, eh?" said the parson, looking kindly at the maiden lady.

"Yes," said Miss Polly. "But I don't know how you heard anything about it, Mr. Mellen. It was to be a profound secret."

"I will keep it most profoundly," said the parson.

"You see," blushingly explained Miss Polly, "I am fond of children, and it's a real pleasure to do anything for the little things. I've often thought I should like to adopt a child."

"Miss Polly," said the parson, bluntly, "that is the very business I have come to you about. What do you say to adopting *four*?"

"Four?" repeated Miss Polly.

"Yes," said the parson. "Mine! And their father thrown into the bargain. What do you say, Miss Polly? Will you marry me?"

"I—I'm afraid I am not good enough," said Miss Polly, with a little gasp, as if the tide of unexpected happiness was surging up into her very throat.

"If ever there was a good Christian, Polly, you are one," said the parson. "Or else," putting his hand lightly upon the tiny heap of dolls, "you never would have taken all this pains for Christ's orphan little ones. Only say 'Yes,' Polly. That is all I want."

And Polly said: "Yes."

Mrs. Gribbage was quite incredulous when she came home and heard the news.

"I thought it was to be Georgietta Fullerton, sure enough," said she. "But how ever came Mr. Mellen to think of *you*?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Polly, with humility.

So, like the old-time fairy stories, our tale ends. "And they lived happily ever after." For Mrs. Mellen was a model step-mother, and the four young rebels at the parsonage loved her heartily.

This was Miss Polly Pritchard's last Christmas in loveless solitude. For when the next Christmas came she was the happy little mistress of the parsonage.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A half-breed Indian in the Dead River region in Maine has domesticated a huge moose, and uses him in farm work. In the winter, when the moose is hitched to a sled and is driven upon the ice, there is no horse in the country round about which can keep up with him. The half-breed turns his big steed into an inclosure with a fence of ordinary height. Once in awhile the moose jumps out and goes on an excursion, but, as he never fails to return, this privilege is not begrudged him.—*Boston Journal.*

—"This car can't wait for ladies to kiss good-bye," is the ungallant legend that ornaments horse-cars in some Western cities.—*Richmond State.*

—Art of Conversation—You convince a man, you persuade a woman.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

HEALTH IN SCHOOLS.

Sanitary Precautions That Should be Adopted by all School-Boards.

It is a grand and noble thing that, in so many of our States the children of the nation are invited to attend the public schools free of all expense. But, surely, it should be an axiom of such a gratuity that we must assemble the children in a way that will not expose them to any undue risks of health. With the most of those who attend the schools, health is to be the working capital. If this is imperiled to any great degree, no ordinary accumulation of knowledge will compensate for its loss. It can not be concealed that far too little attention is given to the care of the physical education. Besides what this involves in the training of the child, is what it demands in the care of his surroundings. We no longer are in doubt as to what is the model school-room. Its floors should be of the smoothest and best material. The wood should be so prepared as not to absorb delcterious matters, and the very cracks of the floor, treated like those of a hospital, so as not to be the resting-places for organic matter. The same rule should apply to every article of wood and to all woodwork in the room. Plain surfaces, without crevices, should permit of the easiest cleansing, by dry or wet rubbing. The walls should be of the best hard finish. The relation between the walls and the outer inclosure should be such that, by means of porous material or air spaces, there should be no continuous dampness. It is now possible so to construct the inclosure that it shall contribute to dryness, and to a free, minute circulation of air through its material. Thus sweet walls protect from draught, and yet admit valuable quantities of pure air. The next thing to be thought of is how to secure a prevalence of pure air in the school-room. To do this we must see to it that we minimize the sources of foul or incompetent air, and that we secure an incoming of such pure air, as will compensate for the necessary deterioration. All the details of cleanliness, as applied in the school-room, serve to diminish dust and those putrescible organic matters which are wont to float in the air and to reduce its quality. In heating, we are to remember that, besides the burning up of oxygen which is accomplished by all systems which heat the air of the room only, we are not only impoverishing the air, but too often adding various gases which are unfriendly to perfect respiration. In lighting, we are to remember that, unless it be the electric light, we are also consuming the oxygen of the air, and must see to it that this is not done to an undue extent, and especially that our kerosene and gas does not add to the air some deleterious substance. Imperfect combustion will of itself do this. As the presence of each person involves the removal from the air of about five per centum of its oxygen, and the addition in its place of nearly the same quantity of carbonic acid, and as with it there is the transpiration or exhalation of thirty grains or more of highly putrescible organic matter, we are diligently to inquire how all this can be neutralized or quickly and harmlessly removed. This can only be done by adjusting the size of the room and the modes for the introduction of pure air to the number of persons in the room, so that a sufficient supply can be furnished without undue draught. We derive our estimate of the amount of air needed by considering how much air passes through a lung at each inspiration, or in from sixteen to twenty inspirations per minute, and how far the consequent impairment of the air is affected by it. We also have to give consideration to the fact that something depends upon the relation of position which one person bears to another, and to the proportion this floor space bears to the general area of the room. Even with these—as location, health and cleanliness of persons, modes of heating, state of atmosphere, etc., have so much to do with the circulation of air—we have to test results by the other results of experience of the senses, and by actual chemical tests of the amount of carbonic acid and other material found. The conclusion from all this has been that, in the estimate for schools, not less than two hundred and fifty cubic feet of space should be allowed to each person, of which at least twelve square feet is represented in floor space, the ceilings not being reckoned higher than twelve feet. The supply of air necessary to keep this in a pure condition, and yet to prevent draught being felt in its admission, must not be less than one thousand five hundred cubic feet. It is easy to see how far short most schools come of this requisition. If, in any particular case, any school board claims that in the school building such an allowance is unnecessary, they should be able to show that the Angus Smith carbonic acid test showed the amount of carbonic acid present to be ordinarily within limits, and that the thermometer, the hygrometer and the permanganate test showed a satisfactory record. This rule is: "Keep the room so that the air contained in a ten-and-a-half-ounce bottle of room air shows no precipitate when shaken with a half ounce of fresh clear lime water." Too often another evidence of the foulness of the air is afforded by sluggish or irritable minds, by coughs and colds and feverishness, and that general state of uncomfortableness which does so much to demoralize some schools and to diminish the ability for intellectual acquirement. Other effects are too often apparent in headaches, pale faces and a want of that vigorous expression of healthy happy boyhood and girlhood without which the mind has a casket too frail.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A DELICATE DISTINCTION.

Spoken as a Man, But Not Necessarily as a Magistrate.

A substitute recently fought in a duel. He was brought before the authorities and came out without penalty. I don't demand condemnation in such a case, I beg you to believe. But, understand, a duel is illegal or it is not. If illegal, why this immunity? If it be not illegal, why then oblige them to pass before a sort of disciplinary tribunal?

Yes, I understand. It is illegal without being so; that is to say, there is a law against it, but it is impossible to apply it.

Where was it that I read the following charming story? In Saintine, I think.

Some sort of a savage, an Indian, perhaps, came to Paris to live permanently. He made a study of our ways and customs.

In a drawing-room he had a discussion, and dealt to his opponent such square logic and common sense as floored him completely. So much was the adversary enraged that he slapped the savage's face.

"This is further proof," said the latter, "that you are not right, for you have nothing but brute arguments left to you," and, enchanted by this last victory, he looked around him with an air of triumph. In place of viewing smiles, however, he saw only stupefied faces and scornful eyes. He was astounded himself when a gentleman with a grave air, a face graced with whiskers, and wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, took him by the arm.

"You are a stranger, are you not?" he asked.

"I am."

"I felt sure you were. You are not familiar with our customs. After the outrage you received a man of the world would send two friends to 'demand reason' from the assailant."

"What reason can I demand from a man that has none."

"Reason, such as you think of, has nothing to do with it. To demand reason simply means to propose single combat with the sword or pistol."

"Indeed? How strange. I shall conform with the custom immediately."

A meeting was had, pistols being chosen. The Indian, who was accustomed to hunt the tiger in his native jungle, promptly inserted a bullet between the two eyes of his antagonist, and killed him as dead as Moses.

Shortly afterward he was summoned to answer for it. A gentleman in an official robe of red, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor, demanded the infliction of severe punishment on the ground that it is time to do away with usages worthy of the barbarous ages.

The poor devil turned his head to see this terrible accuser, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why," he cried, "you're the very man that told me I *must* fight or be disgraced."

"Silence!" exclaimed the President of the court. The prisoner was condemned to six days of imprisonment and a fine of forty dollars. When all was over he called upon the Advocate-General and said:

"What sort of a joker are you? It was you who told me that I must fight!"

The amiable Magistrate shook him by the hand smilingly:

"Of course; when I spoke to you in that way it was as a man of the world; in court I spoke as a Magistrate. Do you grasp the shading?"

"Faith, I don't."

"Well, you will, by and by. You are not quite used to our ways as yet."—*Paris Paper.*

A GREAT CONTRIVANCE.

How a New York Boiler-Maker Lights His Fires By Clockwork.

Coriolanus Hughes, of Ninth avenue, is a boiler-maker. His business is a lucrative one, and for many years he has enjoyed a monopoly among the boiler-makers in the vicinity of his workshop. To a natural aptitude for inventing strange contrivances he adds the advantage of being a thorough and skillful mechanic. He has often found it disagreeable to get up and light his fire on a cold winter's morning, and he has now invented a machine which saves him the trouble. This consists of an ordinary metal clock, which can be wound up and set for any hour desired. If you want your fire lighted at five o'clock, you set the hand at that hour and place it before the grate. Promptly at five o'clock a spring moves and a short metal rod projecting from the back of the clock drops down. To the end of this rod is attached a match which rubs against a piece of sand-paper and ignites a strip of paper fastened to the clock and connected with the kindling in the grate. Thus the fire is started while you are still sleeping. But a second contrivance is added to the clock. When the fire has burned long enough to heat the room a second spring moves and a wild alarm rings out on the stillness of your chamber and makes sleep an impossibility. Thus you are awakened at any hour desired, to find your fire burning brightly and the atmosphere of your room of the right temperature.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A BLOODY RELIC.

The Sword Which Decapitated Twenty-four Followers of Huss.

Rev. J. B. Hayes, who preached recently in Allegheny, in the course of his address exhibited a curious relic of ancient days and bloody times, in the shape of a sword. The historic sword was brought from Bohemia to Edinburgh, Scotland, where it was sold at auction for fifty dollars in 1878, and was bought by a party of Bohemian students, who presented it to Professor W. G. Blaikie. Professor Blaikie lent it to Dr. W. Breed, who allowed Rev. Mr. Hayes to bring it to America. It is a huge, double-edged weapon, four feet in length and increasing in width from the point to the hilt, where it is six inches from edge to edge. The hilt is leather-covered, tipped with a fancifully designed iron knob, and is sufficiently long to allow it to be grasped with both hands. On the 21st of June, 1621, the sword was used by the public executioner to behead twenty-seven men, including twenty-four Bohemian knights, nobles and gentry, followers of Huss, who took up arms against the Austrians. These men surrendered with the understanding that they were to undergo no punishment, but the treaty was disregarded, and at sunrise on the morning in question they were led to the block. On the leather handle of the sword in gold letters in German text are the words: "The deed was done on June 21. 1621," and on the side of the blade, also in German characters, are the figures "1621" and the names of the twenty-four martyrs.—*Boston Transcript.*

A NATURAL GAS FORGE.

An Invention Likely to Revolutionize the Smelting of Iron and Glass.

The *Petroleum Age* thus describes a recent trial at Kendall, Pa., of Dr. Benninghoff's patent process of smelting iron, steel and glass with natural gas. Iron and steel were quickly raised to a white heat in a well controlled flame, which came from mixing natural gas with air, and the metals were easily and thoroughly welded.

The invention seems likely to revolutionize the smelting of iron, steel and glass in the United States. The forge is built of brick, about thirty-three inches square at the base and thirty inches in height. The firepot is located at the central point, and near the top of the forge. Inch air pipes coming from the fan or blower are connected to three-quarter inch gas pipes just outside and on opposite sides of the forge. At the T the gas and air are mixed, and then pass into the forge through the same pipe. The two pipes from opposite sides are in a horizontal line with one another, and have their open ends in the forge directly opposite and sixteen inches apart. When they are lighted, the two flames strike against each other. An air pipe in a vertical position from the bottom of the forge has its open end about eighteen inches below the horizontal line between the pipes containing gas and air. The intense heat is obtained near the intersection point of the air current and the mixed ones of air and gas.

The top of the forge is nearly closed, with the exception of an aperture large enough to admit the piece of iron or steel to be welded. When the two gas jets are first lighted, the flame rises to a height proportionate to the flow of gas. But when the air is forced into the air pipes and mingles with the gas, the flame changes from a yellow to a lambent blue color, as it settles into the firebox in the forge. Why the jet of flame sinks instead of rises is something as yet unexplained by those who have brought about the valuable results. Dr. Benninghoff describes his invention as a process in which gas is mixed with air under pressure, so as to make it in the highest degree combustible. He also says, the oxygen in the air being the important factor of combustion, all that is necessary is to supply a sufficient amount of air to get the required amount of oxygen to perfectly consume the gas. Gas burning in an ordinary jet for the purpose of light gives that light because it is not all consumed. Where combustion is perfect, there is no blaze or flame to be seen. In order that the air supply may not interfere with the heat supply, the gas is mingled with the air before it is introduced into the firebox. In arranging a forge it may also be necessary to add extra air blasts to the fire for the purpose of locating the heating place, and for supplying oxygen in case there be any non-oxygenized gas present.—*Scientific American.*

FACE MEMORY.

Why People of Strange Races All Seem to Look Alike.

We must say to begin with that a large proportion of mankind, as any great portrait painter will testify, never see faces actually at all. Some are short-sighted and see no definite edges to anything, and consequently, though unconsciously, rely for indentification on evidence, which is not that of sight and is frequently all wrong. They see the type, but not the true face, and as a considerable portion of mankind possess type faces, distinguished from others of a like kind by differences as minute as those of leaves, the short-sighted are constantly liable to error. So are the inattentive. They fail sometimes, after many interviews, to catch the expression of the face; can not state, except in the vaguest way, the color of eyes or hair, and will misdescribe features—perhaps prominent features—as if they were paid to do it. They have never attended to the face all, but have been content with a general impression; have never observed with any true observation, and are as little to be trusted in their accounts as women believe most men to be when describing woman's dress. They will even confuse dark persons with light, and declare that a long face struck them as a short one, or hesitate, as a witness did in a bigamy case, about the presence or absence of a mustache. Indeed, it is probable that a large section of mankind can not observe, for of all who land for the first time in India or China, at least half declare that all Indians or Chinese are precisely alike. Yet, though Chinamen have certain broad points of resemblance in color, shape of brows and absence of hair, they are in details as different as Europeans; while Indians, owing to their wide difference in color, the use or disuse of hair on lip or chin, and the existence among them of features due to varieties of original race, are more different than white men. Inattention is, however, the main cause of error, and is sometimes carried to extraordinary lengths. We have known brothers unable to state the color of each other's eyes, and fellow collegians who could not remember whether acquaintances wore the mustache or not.—*London Spectator.*

—As the one o'clock evening train was pulling into Sawyer City, on the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia Railroad, says the Detroit *Free Press*, a young man and his best girl happened to be the only occupants of the rear coach. The young man was improving the opportunity to do a little hugging and kissing just at the moment the brakeman stuck his head into the door and yelled "Saw-yer! Saw-yer!" As soon as the young man recovered he retorted: "I don't care if you did; we've been engaged more than two weeks."

—A pompous individual going up the staircase of a large hotel was violently poked in the back with an umbrella by a man who ran after him. When he turned to ascertain the cause of the assault, the other saw his mistake and apologized, saying: "Excuse me, sir; I thought you were my old friend Brown." "Indeed!" said the old gentleman, in measured tones; "and does your old friend Brown enjoy this sort of thing?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

HIS INVENTORY.

This is the genial Smith
So weary of face and solemn,
Whose funny jokes are the pith
Of the *Boomerang's* local column.
Fra- pote on his brow that frown:
He fears if long he should stop he
Will hear them above wail down
A sulphurous cry for "copy."
So he runneth his hand through each lock
Of his hair disheveled and hoary,
While of his humorous stock
He taketh an inventory.

ITEM—the sad-eyed goat
Who roams o'er the hills remote—
A billous,
Dyspeptic,
Superstitious
Skept c—
Who with satisfaction intense
Eats posters from off the fence
And relishes the aban-
Doned hoopskirt and oyster-can.
(By no means new,
So it will not do.)

ITEM—the bivalve lonely
Because it is the only
One that is a-swimmin'
In the plate of oyster stew
That is served up by the women
Of the Baptist Church to you;
And the raffle so bold and sinister
In some of the wicked's eyes,
Where the good and patient minister
Hoids the ticket that scoops the prize.
(By no means new,
So it will not do.)

ITEM—the happy lovers
Whom the friendly darkness covers;
Front gate—hour late—upstairs old man swears
they murmur low—will he never go?—can't sleep—
more curses deep—at last gets up—unchains bull-pup—exit youth full of ruth—his trowsers
seat Towser's meat!
(By no means new,
So it will not do.)

ITEM—the much-tried donkey
Who wondrous power reveals
Whenever you try to monkey
With his innocent-looking heels:
Who, if he should try to kick you
And you hadn't a chance to duck, you
Would be wafted above so quick you
Would never know what had struck you.
(By no means new,
So it will not do.)

ITEMS—the iceman—a nice man:
The plumber—a regular hummer:
The mother-in-law with the iron jaw:
The hat that obstructs your view;
The frolicsome boy who grapples
With collesome, pale green apples;
The mystical, shady, hash making landlady,
And the rest of the chestnut crew.
(By no means new,
So they will not do.)

Thus he muses with dull, glazed eye,
Till almost ready to drop he
Hears through the tube the cry:
"Come, hurry up with your copy!"
There is naught 'neath the sun that is new
To furnish him with subsistence,
Ah! what is there left to do
But to end his wretched existence?
So he counteth his money o'er,
And, rising smiling and placid,
He goes to a druggist's store
To invest it in prussic acid!

Last night at half-past one, John Smith, known far and wide for his paragraphic fun, committed suicide. It is in vain to trace what motive there could be. The inquest will take place this afternoon at three.—*Daily Boomerang.*

—*Malcolm Douglas, in Sam, the Scaramouch.*

FASHION NOTE.

The latest thing in collars for bank cashiers.—*Australian Paper.*

WHAT SHE WAS.

Persecution of a Woman Who Told the Cold Truth.

"I'm a poor, husbandless woman," she wailed at the door of the Widows' Home, and was taken in and cared for over night. The next morning the matron called her into the office.

"You have no husband?" she inquired tenderly.

"No, madam," was the reply in a tear-stained voice.

"When did you lose him?"

"Last week."

"Only so recently? How sad. What was the matter?"

"He was poor and wanted me to live in two rooms on a back street, and I refused him."

"Then you are not a widow?" said the matron, indignantly.

"No, madam; only a poor, husbandless woman, an old maid if you wish to call it by so harsh a name."

The matron bounced her out in five bounces down the stairs.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Little Christian.

"This is my daughter Lucy," said a minister, presenting a young lady of sixteen to a brother of the cloth whom he was introducing to his family, "and a Christian, too, I am glad to say. And this," he continued, turning to the next younger, "is my daughter Fanny, also a Christian."

One or two others were presented with a similar remark, and then came the little four-year-old, of whom he simply said:

"And this is our baby—our little Mary."

"And I'm a Tist'n, too," said the little one, putting her chubby paw in the minister's hand.

"Amen!" chorused the good men.—*Chicago Ledger.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Buttons—Missus told me to come down and tell you she was not at home. Hailcut—Go back and tell your mistress I say I haven't called.—*Tid-Bits.*

—A lady was once lamenting the illluck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "I look upon the bright side." "Oh!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side." "Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.

—Do not be too emphatic in the expression of your opinions, my son. I once heard your mother speak of the Bliggses as the scum of the earth. Since then the "scum" has risen, as it always does, first or last, and will have nothing to do with your mother or me. —*Burdette.*

—A "young girl of sixteen years" writes that she suffers dreadfully from insomnia, and wants to know "what she shall do for it." "Go to sleep, daughter, go to sleep. We never yet saw a case of insomnia that couldn't be cured by regular, healthful sleep. That's the boss medicine for insomnia.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Fond father—"How is your boy getting on at college, Smith?" Smith—"First-rate, I believe." Fond father—"Strange; my boy doesn't stand well in his class at all; and yet I believe he is a very hard student. What do you suppose can be the matter?" Smith—"Maybe he's too hard."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—It has been figured out that a good-sized dog requires more food to keep him in order than a six-year-old boy or girl. Poor people who keep a dog will do well to ponder over this and take steps to get rid of their six-year old boy or girl before severe winter sets in.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—It is not considered bad form in Paris to kiss a young woman on the forehead, however slight the acquaintance. Etiquette is more rigorous upon the question of kissing in this country. He is favored, indeed, who can kiss a young woman upon the forehead without getting a bang in the mouth.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—"The Second Reformed Oyster Supper for the Benefit of the Church" is announced in an exchange. From the adverse remarks made concerning such suppers, we have long thought there should be a reform in that direction. A reformed oyster must be one where the poor, forlorn oyster is not of a modest, retiring disposition, but becomes plural several times during the feast.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Fenderson—"Yes, I shave myself now. It used to cost me fifteen cents a shave—thirty cents a week. I estimate that it costs me one cent to shave myself, or two cents a week. So you see I save twenty-eight cents." Fogg—"But you might do better than that. If you should shave every day you would save ninety-eight cents." Fenderson—"So I would! By George! I never thought of that. I'll do it."—*Boston Post.*

—She had just dropped in for a morning call on her way down-town. "Do you know, Cicely dear," said she, "that it is awfully warm; but I suppose I must wear this fur-trimmed dolman anyhow." "O, I didn't notice you had it on. Is it the same one you had last year?" No, it isn't, I'd have you know. It's brand new and you knew it." It's a very bad practice, this making morning calls; always leads to the shedding of tears.—*Hartford Post.*

HOW HE KNEW.

Farmer Smith Proves That He Knows All About a Swindling Dodge.

A great man once wrote: "After the sting of folly has made men wise, they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been." An amusing instance of this occurred recently, at a country agricultural fair.

There was a man on the grounds wrapping ten and twenty-dollar bills in small packages of cleansing compound. The packages containing the bills were then thrown loosely into a box containing a number of packages of the compound alone. "For only one dollar, gentlemen," the spectators were allowed to select six of the packages, with "almost an absolute certainty," as the glib vender said, "of drawing one or more of the packages containing the bills."

It really seemed an easy thing to pick out the valuable packages. The soap man did it easily. But, strangely enough, none of the bystanders could do it. One man spent five dollars, and drew forth nothing but thirty packages of the worthless soap.

Walking moodily away, he met a neighbor, who accosted him thus:

"Hello, Johnson! What makes you look so blue?"

"Oh," replied the dejected Johnson, "I've lost five dollars in that plaguy soap man's scheme."

"Well, well," said Neighbor Smith, "I'm amazed that a man of your age had anything to do with a humbug of that kind."

"I don't b'lieve it's a humbug," said Mr. Johnson. "I'm out of luck, that's all."

"Bah!" was Smith's contemptuous retort. "It's a glaring humbug clear through."

"How do you know it is?" asked Johnson.

"How do I know? Why, man, any one with eyes in their heads ought to see that. How can a man sell twenty-dollar bills for a dollar?"

"Well, it looks fair enough," said Johnson, doggedly.

"Oh, yes," sneered Smith, and then added, patronizingly. "But don't you be deceived by looks, Friend Johnson. I could have told you long ago that the man was a fraud."

"How did you know?" persisted Johnson.

This seemed to mettle the erudite Mr. Smith, thoroughly, and he angrily and thoughtlessly cried out:

"Know, man, know? How do I *know* that he's a scoundrel? Why, man, I—I—aint I lost five dollars on the thieving trick myself?"

To this might well be added Horace Greeley truthful remark: "The gloomiest day in any man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it."—*Youth's Companion.*